## SOME NEW BOOKS. Howelle's Modern Italian Poets.

What a welcome thing it is to readers of emniverous habit to some upon a subject en-tirely fresh, and to find it at the same time treated in a way that satisfies the judgment and the taste. That is the sensation which awaits those who take up Modern Italian Poets. by W. D. Howells (Harpers), and none can afford to overlook the book who would fain have their acquaintance with history and liter-ature adequately rounded. How new and fruitful is the field here entered on will be plain to those alive to certain broad gaps in the education of persons accepted as well educated ac-cording to English and American standards. The German literature of the last hundred years has come to be acknowledged a necessary part of the English curriculum since Walter Scott and Carlyle discovered it. But who is expected to know anything about the literature of Italy during the same epoch, or even t recall the names of any of her writers, if we except those of Alfieri and Manzoni. A novel of Manzoni's and perhaps, though this is doubtful, a play of Alleri's—that seems the sum of the acquaintance, possessed by most of the people accounted well informed, with the literary products of the Italian peninsula in the era of its gradual awakening to unity and liberty. There is not even extant in English a ereditable political history of the momentous sixty years between the sham deliverance of Italy by Napoleon and its true liberation by Cavour and Garibaldi. Even, therefore, from the point of view of political evolution and so-eial transformation we are under weighty ob-ligations to Mr. Howells for many and clear glimpses of the men who, if they were not the authors of the national revolution, inspired it, forefold it, acclaimed it, and hallowed it.

What we have here is estensibly a conspec tus of Italian poetry from 1770 to 1870; but in the introduction, which, in the case of an arbitrary initial date, is of course indispensable, the author really begins his narrative at a date much earlier. Mr. Howells has accordingly portrayed, in a sketch so vivid that we at first sight fail to note its singular succinetness the fantastic era of the Italian literary academies, an era which believed itself one of ex-quisite artistic accomplishment and supreme refinement, but whose art, we can now see was not only conventional but commonplace. and whose refinement left in the essentials of personal cleanliness, sanitary conveniences and sexual morality very much to be desired. Its fine clothes and its fine manners produce on us, who know something about what the clothes covered and the manners cloaked, the effect of a stage drawing room. But if we would understand society as it was in Italy during the first three quarters of the last century, we must forget its shabby lining and its offensive hollowness, which nobody could then detect, and look, with the eyes of contemporaries, solely at the shell. That is what the book before us, better than any other English book with which we are acquainted, helps us to do for the author, having in view a given purpose, knows not only what to bring out, but what to veil. The faculty of imagination and the exercise of charity seem equally needful for the su-preme function of a historian, that of resuscitation. Mr. Howells has indisputably given proof of both qualifications in his delineation of the dead and forgotten Italy of the Arcadian Academy and the cavaliere sirvente. In order to make us understand the Italian gentry of the time, he persuades us, while he draws them, to cease for the moment to despise them, and we may be very sure that they did not despise one another. And, after all, they gave social and literary laws to Italy for nearly a century. They, therefore, constitute a fact of istory whose significance we cannot expect to fathom by disdain.

But it is with the prophets, the ministrants, the celebrants of their country's resurrection. including here and there perhaps a belated minstrel of reaction and chanter of despair—in short, with the Italian poets of the last hundred years—tha Mr. Howells and his readers are most concerned. In reference to them he has aimed to do for English readers what some recent scholars, also en-dowed with imaginative powers of a high have tried to do for them in relation to the minor Greek poets whose works have seldom been deemed worthy of transla-tion. Something like a score of modern Italian poets are included in this gallery, and in each case, side by side with a biographical and critical sketch, which has the double merit of brevity and satisfying fulness, we are offered metrical versions from Mr. Howells's hand of such short poems or extracts from longer compositions as seemed best fitted to exhibit what their respective authors was best or most characteristic. How nearly these versions reproduce in substance, texture, and spirit the Italian counterparts; whether they are paraphrases or close translations, we are unable to say: but there is no lack of internal evidence that the author does not swerve from the true object of a translator's strivings—to be true, or, at least, never altogether false, to the fame of his original.

Of the poets whose lives are thus traced in outline and about whose achievement or endeavor we are aided by the author's versions to form for ourselves a mediate and partial judg-ment, we have naturally turned to those in whom our interest is keenest. Alfleri and Leopardi. Between these men there were some superficial points of likeness, though the marks of contrast were far more striking and and. Both were of noble birth, and, by right of inheritance, entitled to a good estate; both were self-taught, though Alfieri had an ill-used advantage in this particular; both d their native regions for the suposed foci of Italian culture; both were of an impassioned and ardent temperament, though in outward mien unsympathetic and morose But here the resemblance ends. In Alfleri na-ture had infused extraordinary vitality and vigor, while Leopardi was afflicted with the frailest organism in which ever an abnormal brain struggled to obey the impulse to incessant energy. The por-traits of Alfleri, unless they grossly flatter aim, account for his repeated and facile nngalaly, so lacking in virility, and his face so useomely and misshapen, so forbidding, even lowering, that for him a love affair meant only mortification and rebuff. In intellectual equipment, at least on its acquisitive side, they were still more decidedly opposed. Alfieri at the age of 22 was so ignorant even of Italian literature that, as Mr. Howells notes, he "had read nothing whatever of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccacio, or Machiavelli;" it is certain, moreover, that he could not read line of Greek, and probable that he did not know the Greek alphabet before his forty-sixth year, by which time he had written almost all of his pseudo-Greek tragedies. On the other hand, Leopardi, at the same age of twenty-two, though he never had, like Alfieri, the opportunity of studying at an urban academy, but whose stores of erudition were all self-accumu d in a mountain village, was pronounced by Niebuhr, as we learn from Mr. Howells, "by far the first, in fact the only. Greek philo in Italy, the author of critical comments and observations which would have won honor for the first philologist in Germany." That there was not a trace of perfunctory civility in this cologium is clear from Niebuhr's subsequent offer to procure for Leopardi a professorahip of Greek philosophy in Berlin. It is gratifying to have Niebuhr's testimony to the accuracy of Leopardi's learning, when we hear of its surpassing range; when we are told, for instance, that this self-instructed lad, at the age of 15—an age when the average applicant for admission to Harvard can with difficulty turn into sufferable English a well-conned ode of Horaco-" already know all Grook and Latin literature; knew French, Spanish, and English; knew Hebrew, and disputed in that tongue

with the rabbis of Ancona." It is evident that Leopardi's poetry was but the prismatic revelation of his philosophy refracted through emotion, and that his phi-

expression of the agony of his whole life. Job had at least some blissful memories, but this heir of pain and desolation had no such retrospective solace. The pessi mism of Leopardi has nothing fortuitous o even deliberate about it: it seems ingrained, incorporate, the inevitable outcome of a vision, cleared from all the mists of human ignorance and straining to pierce the realm of the undiscovered, but blocked, beaten back, and blinded by the harrowing conviction that of all earth's creatures an anomic and palsted body is most firmly riveted to earth. What a contrast to the cool, impersonal, specu-lative pessimism of Schopenhauer, which, from the lips of its hale, lusty, glass-enjoying and song-relishing propounder, must sometimes have sounded like a Rabelaisian jest! What we might have anticipated from Schopenhauer was the lax and self-indulgent doctrine of the later and degenerate followers of Epicurus. But what could we expect but pessi-mism from a tireless brain condemned by sheer collapse of subsidiary organs to months of maddening inaction; from a man like Leopardi, whose pain-racked ody from sickly childhood to untimely death was hopelessly inadequate to its cerebral atachment. One cannot read of him without recalling the lines of Dryden, somewhat stale, perhaps, but which lose much of their stale-ness in an application far more pertinent than was at the time contemplated by the author of

A flery soul that, working out its way, Fretted the pigmy body to decay. And o'erin/ormed the tenement of clay.

Even on the dead and long-buried lips of Leopardi we seem in fancy to descry a grimace of irony, as if he could look back and recognine that Europe's posthumous attention of which in his lifetime he had no foregleam, was tself only a vicarious tribute to the vogue of

Within a province which so far as English reading people are concerned. Mr. Howells has made peculiarly his own, the becoming pos-ture for an honest seeker after information seems one of grateful acquiescence. Yet per-haps some readers of the short essay on Alfieri may with deference regret that the author did ot pause to define the difference between Alfleri's borrowed conception of Greek tragedy and Greek tragedy itself. We all know some-thing of the notion which Bacine, who was no better a Grecian than Mr. Pope, formed of the Attic drama, and one is curious to learn how Alfleri, who in the heyday of his play-writing activity, got all he knew of the Athenian stage at second hand from the author of "Androm ache," could have improved upon his teacher in the matter of conformity, not only to constructive formulas, but to the Hellenic plane of feeling and modes of thought. M. W. H.

## Fifty Master Minds.

It was, no doubt, a useful purpose that prompted the publication for school purposes of the book entitled Lights of Two Centuries, by E. E. HALE (A. S. Barnes & Co.). The author's aim was to present in compact form and chronological sequence biographical and critical estimates of the fifty men of genius, including prose writers, poets, painters, sculptors, composers, and inventors, who may, in his judgment, most fairly be described as the "master minds" or "master spirits" of the last two centuries. As the task of selection is not only one of obvious difficulty, but one about whose right discharge no two students would be likely to agree, it might have been judicious for the author to confine himself to simply naming the objects of his choice without indicating in a preface the grounds of preference. Some of the wisest deemed it prudent, while recording their deolsions with all the prolixity required by lucidity, to set forth their reasons, if at all, with the utmost possible brevity. When Mr. Hale foregoes the advantage suggested by their example he seems to challenge our acceptance of the principle on which his selection has been made. He has, we are old, inserted certain names in this list and excluded others, because he regards the former as, by comparison, "master" intellects. We can only understand him to mean either that they were founders of schools, or that, if they perhaps falled to leave behind them a distinct body of avowed disciples, they exerted a world-wide" and enduring influence. Only on one ground or the other can any man be credited with the exercise of "mastery."
Whichever of these definitions may be dopted by the author, he would find it difficult, we think to justify the admission of Swift to a gallery of prose writers from which Burke is debarred, or the allotment to Longfellow of a place in a cluster or for Keats. It is strange, too, that the man m we are indebted for the electric telegraph should not figure among inventors in a golflers to whom we do not directly owe anyhing except the perfectly useless fire ba It is also a little rash to take for granted in a school manual that the credit for the invention of the telephone can as yet be definitely attributed to a given individual.

These sketches are, of course, of very various degrees of merit according to the trend of the author's studies before he undertack this piece of bookmaking. Let us glance at two or three of them. The paper on Swift is perhaps as adequate as the space at the writer's disposal permitted him to make it, although the only one of Swift's writings which is much read to-day ms dismissed rather curtly, when we look a the stress laid on Swift's short and boisterous career in London politics, which has left absolutely no trace on succeeding generations wrong impression from one statement on page 142, when Mr. Hale says that, "The Whigs on this occasion [the death of Queen Anne] under Sir Robert Walpole, came in to stay twenty-seven years." No one would guess from these words that Walpole was in opposition for at least four years, from 1717 to 1721. In the estimate of Addison, Mr. Hale brings

out clearly the curious fact that the wordly success attained by Addison in his life time—a ess which, for a man of letters, was up to that time incomparable—was almost wholly due to a poem and a play, "The Campaign" and "Cato," which had a distinctly political purpose, and which, perhaps for that reason, are now seldom read. Had he written only the "Spectator," by which alone he is remempered, he would have led, like Steele, a precarious existence. So that, after all, it may be aid that, if Addison became a Secretary of State, and married a Countess, it was as a colitician rather than as a man of letters—just as Bacon was indebted for his Chancellorship and his successive peerages to his legal accomplishments, and not at all to the authorship of the "Essays" and the "Novum Oranum." Of Addison's personal character. Mr. Hale takes, as he ought to take, a much ess charitable view than did Thackersy, who at times seems to have been blind to the

ealous, mean, and cowardly traits of his favorite lay preacher.

From the account of Voltaire, the young reader might get an incorrect conception of the comparative value of the writer's works. Thus while it is true that the "Henriade," when it appeared, was considered by the world of letters an extraordinary production, no one who has in view the limbo, to which it has been long consigned, would say in our day that "it is a great opic poem." As to "La Pucelle," we opine that even the casual allusion to it in a note might as well have been omitted in a school text book. We would sconer put "Candide" itself in the way of a clean-minded young

The essay on Johnson scarcely brings out his immense indebtedness to Boawell with sufficient emphasis. But for his Seotch acolyte and his own ventures in biography, the " Lives of the Poets." and we ought doubtless to add "Rasselas." and the "Vanity of Human Wishes."-the author of the "Dictionary" and "The Rambler" would now be as dead as a There would not to the eyes of door nail. dern readers be even the spark of life in

him which is still discernible in Ben Jonson, for the former wrote nothing comparable in point of genius to the latter's comedies. It is only through Boswell that Johnson can be said to have exerted any enduring influence or "mastery," and, therefore, an estimate Johnson in which a due place is not awards to his biographer, is with every year become more like the play of "Hamlet," with Ham part cut down to an unimportant feature.

In writing of Seott's novels Mr. Hale remarks:

"It doesn't do to criticise the Waverleys; one strings out too much. Besides, every one knows them well, and has his own ideas." But Mr. Hale is writing a school text book, whose readers, the presumption is, need to have correct ideas suggested to them. If they need no such suggestions, the critical portion of this book has no pretext for its existence. But even on the assumption that the author in this place finds it convenient to make, we cannot explain the assertion that from Scott's novels he has "gathered a not unfair view of English history through some important epochs." If Mr. Hale really supposes that any one of Scott's novels is a trustworthy picture from a historinovels is a trustworthy picture from a historical point of view, we cannot envy him the accuracy of his historical knowledge. As for "Ivanhoe," "Count Robert of Paris," and "The Crusaders," they are of course glaringly misleading, considered as delineations of the times. Why not tell young readers the truth—that the Waverley novels are marvellous products of the imagination, but that it might have been better for the fame

prose writing to depicting contemporary life. That this book is intended for very youthful readers is shown by the author's care to write out phonetically every Greek, French, and German word. But why then, when attempting to indicate the right pronunciation of 'Iphigenia" and correctly placing the accent on the last i, does he give the g the soft sound

of one who was a poet and a keen observer. but no scholar, had he confined himself in his

Mr. R. Ward-Jackson's "Gymnastics for the Fingers and Wrist" (The John Church Co.) is a little treatise which ought to be consulted by performers on every

which ought to be consulted by performers on every kind of musical instrument.

"Eminent Americana" by Benson J. Lossing (John B Alden), consists of soveral hundred brief- and well writ-ten blographies from Gov. John Winthrop of Massachu-setts Bay, down to Henry Ward Beecher. The wood cut

ten blographies from Gov. John Whitirop of Rasacanasetts Bay, down to Henry Ward Beecher. The wood out portraits are numerous, and some of them shocking.

Mr. Howard Fyle possesses the rare faculty of employing his pencit and fils pen with equal effect. His "Rose of Paradise" (Harper's) is a thoroughly good story of the old buccaneering times, the interest of which is enhanced by the author's spritted illustrations.

The third volume of the series of "Lives of the Presidents," by William O. Stoddard (Frederic A. Stokes) contains blographies of James Madison, James Mouros, and John Quincy Adams. They are clearly and conclastly written, and though not derived from original sources, will answer a good purpose as works of reference.

Frederic A. Stokes publishes in portable form W. Pole's "Whist." and John W. Keller's "Game of Euchre." The former is the best treatise extant for beginners and the latter contains, besides the scription and rules of euchre, some account of "progressive scuchre." "set back euchre," and other molern forms of this popular game.

of this popular game.

8. Edward Warren's "Primary Geometry" (Wileys) is a carefully prepared manual for young pupils, considerably fuller in detail and ampler in definition than the text books in use a generation or two ago. The author believes that geometry should be begun as early and as simply in behalf of industrial life as arithmetic is in be-

simply in behalf of industrial life as arithmetic is in orbidity to the state of th

buildings associated with his life or name.
Under the title of "Christian Facts and Forces" the
Scribners publish a collection of sermons preached last
year in the Centre Church of New Haven by Newman

serioners posina a content of New Haven by Newman Smyth. They are marvels of clear and forcible exposition, and reflect in many passages the new theology, now shaking New England orthodoxy to its foundation, of which the author is so prominent an advocate.

The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1886 has been issued from the Government Printing Office at Washington. The ornithologist of the department has presented a terrible indictment against the passes of measticus, otherwise known as the English sparrow. The habitat of this bird now extends from the Atlantic seaboard to Kansas, in every part of which region he is proceribed as an unmiligated nuisance.

James Pott & Co. have issued a handsome reprint of "Books which Have infinenced Me," the series of papers written in response to the request of the editor of the Brittsh Weekly, and published in that journal. They express the opinions of twelve eminent men of lettera, commencing with Mr. Gladstone and ending with the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, Mr. Beecher's successor in the

commencing with Mr. Gladatone and ending with the Rav. Dr. Joseph Parker, Mr. Beecher's successor in the Plymouth Church pulpit.

A useful elementary work is Mr. Arthur Lyman Tuckerman's "Short Illatory of Architecture" (Scribners). It is singularly devoid of rhetorical grace, and tells its story with the simplicity and conciseness and almost the dryness of an encyclopedia article. There is not a superfluous line in the volume, the value of which might perhaps be enhanced by a little judicious amplification.

Mr. Tuckerman has drawn ap unusually correct outline
of the history of architecture, and his suggestions as to

the employment of the classic or Gothic styles in modrn times are sound and practical.

A book which is likely to interest a large class of readers, and not necessarily those of scientific tastes, is Mr. Charles Frederic Holder's "Living Lights" (Scribners), a popular account of phosphorescent animals and plants. It is a story book of nature rather than a scientific trea-tise, the pages of which are crowded with information conveyed in a very attractive style. A glance at the contents will show how wide has been the author's range of reading on the subject he has chosen to treat, and how competent he is to perform his task. The nu merous and well executed illustrations add much to the

value of this agreeable volume.

Funk & Wagnalis publish a second edition of "Letters from Heaven," translated from the fourth German edition. These letters are communications from a mother in heaven to her son on earth, and, as regards the possibility of sinful mortals attaining to a blessed hereafter, develop a theology very far removed from that of orthodox Calvinists. It would be incorrect to describe the author as unorthodox. He is rather Christian holding those liberal views of the future sta which are beginning to be so widely entertained at the

present day. His work is almost a pure creation of the fancy, and is animated with deep religious feeling. Two attractive looking little volumes are "Sonnets of this Century," edited by William Sharp, and "Sonnets of of Europe." by Samuel Waddington (Thomas Whittaker) The title of neither work correctly describes its con-tents. The souncts published in the first are exclu-sively by English writers, and those in the latter are strety by English writers, and takes in the latter are translations by various hands from the chief Con-tinental languages. Of the contents of Mr. Sharp's book we can speak with unqualified praise. The se-lections have been made with good judgment and rep-resent each writer at his bast. The translations bear testimony to Mr. Waddington's diligent research and wide range of reading, but are of unequal merit. The sonnets of Dante, Petrarch, or Michael Angelo are difficult to render correctly into English with any approach to the melody of the original and such translators as Lowell or Symonds often convey the thoughts of these poets in a far too literal and inverted style.

"An Unknown Country" (Harpers) records the inci-dents of a recent tour by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman" through Antrim, Londonderry, and Donegal, the three northernmost counties of Ire-land. Since Mrs. S. C. Hall, in conjunction with her husband, published, more than forty years ago, her well-known work on Ireland, no nore genial or kindly book on the subject has appeared more genial or singly book on the subject has appeared in print. Mrs. Craik is said to be party descended from Irish ancestry, and evidently has a warm place in her heart for Ireland and the Irish people, although it does not appear that she thoroughly comprehends the significance of the present Irish political crisis. No one has ever treated the Ceitic character with greater consider, atlon; she applands the virtues of the race without constants. ation; she applauds the virtues of the race without cen uring too harshly its bad qualities, and few Irishmen car read this volume without recognizing in the writer a sympathetic friend, even though they may think she has felled to name the remedy for the wrongs which centuries of brutal injustice have created. The passages de-scribing the wild and almost savage scenery or northern Ireland, and in particular its seacoust, are animated and picture-sque, and will impress many readers as among the best in the book. The author is, by nature, an admirable narrator, and the country she traversed ap-pealed strongly to her love of the sublime and beautiful. The illustrations by F. N. Paton convey a good idea of the more striking scenery described in the volume.

"Paddy at Home" (Cher Paddy) is the title of a journal of travel in Ireland by the Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey translated into English by A. P. Morton (Harpers). The writer is a man of intelligence, and his story is lively and interesting throughout. His sympathies are evi-dently with the landlord class of Irishmen, and although he endeavors to be exact and impar-tiat it is easy to see where prejudice has awayed his opinious, or he has been influenced by evidence of more than doubtful nuthenticity. In fact, according to his own statement, the Baron see tact, according to his own statement, the heron seems to have swallowed some pretty tough yarms during his litish trip. It is perhaps needless to say that he valu-mently opposes Mr. disastone's plan for the psolication of Ireland. and especially the principle of establishing a multiplicity of small estates, which he says has utterly

failed in the United Brates. His essertion that the quarter sections of land granted by the American Government to actual settlers are almost invariably disposed of by their occupants as speedily as possible to cortainly a gross perversion of the truth. But such statements as this and others on the subject of rent and kindred topics in the United Risates will not appear out of the way when we learn that the author has derived his information chiefly from a work entitled "Recry Man his form Lawyer." His views of the future of freland are far from hopeful. Her industries he says, are in a had way, her population is too numerous, and the under-tenants are shamefully rack-rented by the farmer-tenants. The only remedy he suggests for the evils preying upon the country is to convert it into a huge grading farm. Meanwhile, he mays the Government's drive step is to suppress trial by jury.

Henri Graville's last essay in flotion may be called a new departure. Her "Frankley," translated from the French by Mrs. A. de Montagu Lovell & Oo.), is an American novel which surports to describe American alcharacter, manners, and scenery. It would, be too much perhaps to say that she has been even moderately successful in her attempt. "Frankley" is a readable book, but in no respect distinctively American. The characters might, with scarcely an exception, pass as well for English people as for Americana and the local coloring is often faulty. The counterpart of Miss Motter, the selfish woman of the world, on whom she has bestowed unusual pains is common to many nationalities, and may be found all over the civilized world. Ella Bright, Frankley, and his friend May are personages frequently encountered in fiction, and have nothing racy of the soil. In Mrs. Coddard, the retired lecturer and advocate of woman's rights, she has succeeded so much better that it is not impossible that the opticinal may have been soil. In Mrs. Coddard, the retired lecturer and advocate of woman's rights, she has succeeded so much better that it is not impossible that the original may have been seen by her or described to her during her visit to the United States. It is by no means a perfect creation, but embodies the germ of a character the like of which is not uncommon in this country. The scene is mostly laid in Boston or its neighborhood, the characteristic features of which are sometimes rather grotesquely described Cambridge does not occupy an elevated plateau, nor is it surrounied by prairies and we imagine that houses built to protect the original inhabitants of Salem against the attacks of the Sloux are rarely seen. But such slips are pardonable in an amitable woman, importedly acquainted with American history or recorraphy, who has endeavored to convey pleasing impressions of our social life. They may be due to the transactor, whose work is too often slovenly and ungr-mimatical.

## QUESTIONS BY SUN CORRESPONDENTS.

B. says that copper alone will alloy with gold. A. contradicts him. Which is right? B. is wrong. Oold can be alloyed with tin. silver, lead, iron, nickel. It is usually alloyed with silver or copper. Is this correct: "And some photographs I had been given for my paper !" It is from THE SUF. C. J. C. No: It is entirely wrong, and only crept into The Sen through some unfortunate oversight. A, bete that the white horse wins, and the race is a tie, Who takes the bes?

A, bets that the white horse wina, and the race is a tie. Who takes the bet?

The bet is off.

Why is a horse against whose chances of winning a race long odds are given called a "short" horse? J. D.

Probably because ha is "short" of chances of winning, or is so considered. The expression "long or short" is brought to the race track from the Stock Exchange, and probably got to the Stock Exchange from dry goods people, who had a "long line" or "were short" of goods. Then a broker was "long" of stocks or "short," and a horse had a long line or was short of chances of winning, and so was a long horse or a short horse.

When does the "Dramatic School" open, and how should one apply for admittance?

It is now open, we believe; applicants should apply to the director, at the Lyceum Theatre.

Does the word "content" imply as much as "thoroughly content?"

B. H. E.

The word "content" originally was in the superlative

The word "content" originally was in the superiative The word "content" originally was in the superiative degree, and needed and had no advert to intensify its idea. A man who was content couldn't be made more content by being absolutely so, or thoroughly so. In itself, therefore, "content" implies all that "thoroughly content" can imply; but in this age of superlatives an expression that sounds stronger than "content" is needed, and we have "thoroughly content" and "absolutely satisfied." But neither of these expressions means and atisfied." But neither of these expressions means any

more than "content" or "satisfied."

1. Where does Harlem begin? 2. What does D. D. S. stand for after a man's name?

A READER. stand for after a man's name?

1. At 110th street. 2. For Doctor of Dental Surgery.

A man and wife separated fourteen years ago, and have no: heard of or from one another for eight years.

Can wither marry again?

"OLD Bacu,"

A man descried by his wife, or a wife descried by her husband, can marry after seven years, during which time nothing has been heard from the other; but whether in a case of separation, where both parties descried they can marry after seven was a description.

sert, either can marry after seven years, we do not know. Consult some legal friend.

In what countries if in any, do the Post Office receipts exceed the expenses so that the department is not a burden on the Government?

O. V. H.

In Austria, Belgium, France, the German Empire, Great Britain and Ireland, Italy, the Netherlanda, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland.

What was the date of the Westfield explosion f W. P. Sunday, July 30, 1871.

Sunday, July 30, 1671.

Please settle a dispute by saying when the Rape of the Sahines occurred.

J. O.

Romulus devised the plan of seising the Sabine women Romulus devised the plan of seizing the Sabine women for his men, and he died, or is said to have been translated, in 716 B. C. therefore the Rape of the Sabines, if it ever occurred, was between 753 and 716 B. C. What kind of acids are generally put in hand greenades to put out free? Constant Hannam.

Generally sulphuric acid is put into the hand grenades, in greater or less amount and strength.

Was the James Fisk shot by Stokes a German by birth or descent?

He was not, unless on his mother's side, or by long

poses.

I came to New York from Pennsylvania in February, 1898; in May I rented a bouse in Jersey City, atili working in New York; in February, 1887, I moved back to this city, where I now am. Am I entitled to vote at this coming election?

If, while you lived in Jersey City, you still considered

yourself a citizen of New York, you are entitled to vote here, having fulfilled the requirements c? the law as to residence. Whether you did consider yourself a citizen of New York is a question only your conscience can an

1. In a certain organization the law says: "District officers shall not sit as delegates." A says this means that they cannot make a motion or vote: B says they can dd both 2. What is Griffith's valuation? 3. How is "technical" pronounced? 1. If they are present at the meeting of the organism tion by virtue of their offices, they are doubtless entitled to make motions and to vote on questions. The law seems to mean that special persons must be sent as delegates; but as you quote it, says nothing about the dis trict officers being present or not. 2. Griffith's valuation was the valuation of land in Ireland made by Mr., afterward Sir Richard Griffith (appointed Commissioner in 1828), which was published in 1890. 3. "Technical" is pronounced as though spelled "tecknickal," with the accent on the first syllable; the last syllable is pronounced as spelled, "cal," not "cle."

What was the greatest number of miles made by the Thistie in twenty-four hours on her voyage to this country?

M. S.

Two hundred and forty-seven miles in the twenty-four hours ending at noon on Aug. 2.
What is the nationality of Mr. Burgess, the designer of
the Volunteer?
He is a Massachusetts man first, and incidentally an

What were the seven wonders of the world ! F. J. B. 1. The Pyramids of Egypt. 2. The Tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria. 3. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus. 4. The walls and hanging gardens of Babylon. 5. The image of the sun at Bhodes, called the Colossus. 6. The ivory and gold statue of Jupiter Olympus. 7. The Pharos or Watch Tower at Alexandria, built by Ptolemy

Was the America a cutter or a centreboarder?

Neither. The America was and is a keel schooner. cutter was originally a single-sticker, with short mast, long toponast, and carried a mainsall, topsall, forestay-sail, and jib; the American sloop had a long mast and short topmast, and carried a mainsall, topsall, and jib. We have adapted the cutter rig to our single-stickers and we have almost adopted what is now called the cut ter hull, long, deep, with long, overhanging stern, and to this bul, we have annexed a deep centreboard. There is a distinction between a cutter and a centreboarder, but not much difference, except that the latter gets there rather sooner than the former.

Which has the larger receipts per month, the Broadway and seventh avenus road, or the railroad on the Brooklyn Bridge!

The Broadway and Seventh avenue road takes in more money in a month than the Brooklyn Bridge railway takes in during a twelvemonth.

To whom should one apply to obtain a place in the Bailroad l'ostal Service!

E. P. H.

He should die his application for a place with the Superintendent; he will have to name a civil service examination. Your dollar is worth \$1.10. P. Stevens.-Bediow's Island contains about 90 acres.

Stenographer.—Harper's School Geography will probably give you all the information you need to pass a Re gents' examination for the bar.

J. F.—Children under sign when their father becomes J. P.—Children under size when their industrial a citizen are entitled to vote on his papers.

In what bodies are the law-making powers vested in Korway. Sweden. Holland, Beigium, Spain, Austria, Hungary, Portugal, the German empire, and Italy!

D. R. D.

In Norway the legislative power is vested in the Storthing or Great Court, composed of two houses, the Lag-thing and the Odeisthing. In all legislation except that regarding the political administration, the swedish Diet exercises its powers; this Diet is composed of two cham exercises its powers; this blet is composed of two chambers. The whois legislative authority of the Kingdom of the Netherlands is vested in the States-General, a so of two Houses. That of Beigium is vested in a Chamber of Bepresentatives and a Senate. Spain's law-making body is a Cortea composed of a Senate and a Congress. Austro-Hungary has a federal law-making body known as the Delegations; Austria has a Reichsrath, composed of a Herzenhaus and an Abrecorhetenhaus: Hungary has a federal law-making body known as Herrenhaus, and an Abgeordnetenhaus; Hungary has a Reichsrath consisting of a House of Magnates and a House of Representatives. Pertugal's legislative body is called the Cortes Geraca; it is composed of a Churera dos Parce and a Camera des Deputados. The legislative powers of the German scopire are vested in the Sundarrath or Federal Council composed of Representatives of the States of the empire, and the Reichstag or Diet of the Realm, which represents the people of the different States. Italy has to make its laws a Parliament com-posed of a Senate and a Camera de' Deputati. POEMS WORTH READING.

God's Appointments From the Fouth's Companion.

Two men went forth, one summer hour,
And both were young and brave and true;
Two loyal hearts, two brains of power,
Eager to dure and do.

Each followed right, each turned from wrong, And strove his errors to outlive: Each sought with hope and courage strong The best life has to give. For one love's fountain yielded up Its sweetest—royally he quaffed; The other drank a brimming cup, A bitter, bitter draught

One touched but stones, they changed to gold, Wealth came and stayed at his command; The other's silver turned to mould And dust within his hand.

The world crowned one with leaves of bay.
He ate with kings, their honors shared;
The other trod a barren way
And few men knew or cared. And this is life: two sow, one reaps; Two run abreast, one gains the goal; One laughs aloud, the other weeps In anguish of his soul.

One seems of fate the helpless toy, Unbroken one's triumphant chain; God hath appointed one to joy, Appointed one to pain.

The wisdom that doth rule the world is wisdom far beyond our ken; But when all seems to ruin hursed, God's hand is mighty then. In God's appointments I believe, Trusting His save, believe in this: That though from day to day men grieve and life's sweet fruitage miss,

And life several they shall know.

In some giad future they shall know.

Why one through striving may not win;

The Hook of Life will surely show.

Why all these things have been.

ERMA C. Down. My Boy Still,

Prom the Indianopoits News.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?

Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best,
For he was our drat born child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whalever may come
He's my boy still.

Iremember when he was a little lad, flow he used to climb on my knee; flow proud we were of his possity.

How proud we were of his possity, and i know quite well he a man now, with a wind and stubborn will; But whatever he is to you, John, lie's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house, In the days of his happy youth; You know we said that with all his faults lie had courage and love and truth. And though he has wandered far away, I'd rather you'd say no ill; He is sure to come back to his mother; lie's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember to day
How often he went with me apart
And kneit at my k ee to pray.
And the man will de the boy did,
The fible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see, She is wiser than any sage; My boy was trained in the zood old way, I shall certainly get my ware. And though the has wandered far away, And followed his wayward will, I know whatever, wherever he is, lie's my boy still!

Prom Fexas Siftings.
Tis twenty years since first I walked.
With Margery on the sand,
Her baskets full of a shining fish,
Her landing net in band.

I watched her self-reliant step, Her brown hands used to toll; I noticed her complexion, too, Hot fair enough to spoil.

I was a rioh man's younger son, And delicately bred, And I had rather starve than work To earn my daily bread.

I said to her. "Dear Margery,
If 'ou'll work for me, too,
I'll marry you:" and so I did,
Like any lover true.

Pm growing old: but still I sit And smoke beside the sea. Where Markery, faithful to her word, Still catches fish for me.

From the Boston Globe.

Her head is full of fancies,
That pretty head of Namy's.
Of older time romances
she breathes the very air.
Adown her dream there dances
A vision that entrances
That tender heart of Namy's,
and takes it in a snare.

Adown her dream there prances A charge of knights with isness. All smitten with the giances. Of Nancy, I will swear. The guerdon that she grants is That tittle band of Nancy's. Though, in real tife, the chance is Her knight will have red hair.

Monraful Advice to the Western Girls. From the Chicago News.

Chew, chew, chew, Oh maiden fancy free! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

With a gluck, gluck, gluck, Go thy jaws, which never are still; And oh, the sight of thy cavernous me And oh, thy tolu bill!

Tis well for the youth who dreams At night of thy beauty and grace That he sees thee not with thy quid of gum Distorting thy fair young face.

The car rumbles down the street, at oh for the sight of a jaw at rest And a mouth forever at peace!

The Madrigal,

Prom the Century.

Once, as I walked in the woodlands green,
I chanced on Love where he sat alone
Catching the moles of the air, and sheen
From sunrays broken and downward thrown.

What are you doing. Love !" quoth I;
For Love and I have been comrades true,
And I speak him freely when hone are nigh
And he answers me as he might not you.

"I am making a madrigal," he said;
"I need but one rhyme to close it well;"
And, lo! it seemed that a spider's thread
Gianced in the tight and he caught its spell. Wonderful beautiful rare, and sweet It lay there perfect, upon his hand; It horbbed with a murmur, soft, comp I could not describe nor understand.

"And how will you send it Love?" quot I;
Ah, how be smiled! but he said no word;
But he beckoned me, and I followed shy,
And we came on a poet all unheard.

There as he dreamed did Love bestow
The little song in his ear content;
And fied so quickly that none might know
Where it was written and how it was sent.
Sawest Willoughst Duffield.

Opportunity.

From the Sheliering Arms.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a pisin;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, rared
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then stargered backward, hemmed by foes
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "lisd I a sword of keener steel—
That bine blade that the King's son bears—but this
Blunt thing !—"he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and if the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
little-buried in the dry and trodden sand.
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

B. Sill.

Illogical. From the Cosmopolitan

She stood beside me while I gave an order for a bonnet; She shuddered when I said, "And put a bright bird's wing upon it."

A member of the Andubon society was she, and cutting were her comments upon worldly folks like me. She spoke about the helpless birds we wickedly were She quoted the statistics, and they really were alarming.

She said God meant his little birds to sing in trees and

akies. And there was pathos in her speaking, and tears were in her eyes. "Oh, surely in this beauteous world, you can find lovely Bnough to trim your hats," she said, "without the dear birds wings." I sat beside her that same day in her own home at din-

Angelio being that she was, to entertain a sinner!

Her well-appointed table grouned beneath the ample course followed appetizing course, and hunger almost fied. And then my charming hostess cried. "Do have a reed-bird, dear;" For they're so delicate and sweet at this time of the year!" RLLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Connecticut Girl as a Car Conductor. From the Ansonia Sentinel.

An Ansonia young lady had occasion to act as conductor on one of the street care one day last week, under pecu lar circumatances. In company with another young lady he was riding from Brimingham and by mistake in depositing fares for both, dropped a quarter of a doilar into the box from whence no change comes. The quarter jingled against the glass sides with an ununnally loud soond that caused the driver to take his eyes off the road for an instant and place them in the drawfing of the fare box. As his copies caught sight of the quarter seefing their down the glass to begann, they also noticed an ourstructhed hand belonging to the young lady and his ears hoard the familiar sound of "thance, please." They shu explained away all thoughts that the young lady had of ever gasting her fifteen centa change, and told her that the best way he saw was for her toollect three fares from the passengers as they subcred the car Accordingly the young lady, as any sensible person would do, bided her time, and from a trio who beared the car collected the amount of her dadicinery, thus balancing herself with the company's treasury.

Tree Cases in white Cressessantian Noveless to the control of the

eighteen. I run newy from the had a farm near Liverpool. Medina eyunty. Ohio, and he was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a man win oha do one jot of the was a liver of the

assate the clutches of the law, but that was better than to swear an inaccent man's life or liberty away.

The other instance occurred in Tennessee just before the breaking out of the war. I bought of the inventor the State right of Tennessee of a certain patent, out of which I expected to realize a large fortune. I secured as my agent in the State an Ohio man named James Miller. I had known him for many years, and would have staked my life on his honesty and veracity. We visited Chattanooga, Knoxville. Nashville, and other towns, and I finally parted with him at Memphis. He was to manufacture and sell through dealers. What happened to him, however, occurred in the northern part of the State near Clarksville. He had been dealing with somebody in that town, and then hired a horse and buggy to go out seven or eight miles into the country to look at a horse with a view of buying. As he was leaving the hotel a buyer of horses and mules named Charlos Sweet asked to go with him, and offered to pay half the expense of the rig. The offer was accepted, and the two drove away.

him, and offered to pay half the expense of the rig. The offer was accepted, and the two drove away.

Several incidents occurred during that ride. They were not a mile out of Clarkwille when the horse shied to one side and almost upset the buggy and Sweet in saving himself from failing out, suddenly elevated his elbow and hit Miller on the nose, causing it to bleed. Several drow stained his shirt bosom, and others fell upon the buggy cushion. A mile further on the horse balked at a hill, and Miller descended from the buggy and coaxed him until her started on. In starting he threw Miller down, and a wheel of the buggy passed over the small of his back. He did not might the injury then, and brushed the mod and dire from his clothes and followed on to the top of the hill and climbed in. Half a mile from the farm Miller had started to visit, the two men caught sight of some fine mules in a field. Sweet decided to stop and see the owner, while Miller drove on alone.

These little every-day occurrences are forgotten in an hour unless remembered against

STEVENSON IN NEW YORK.

His Poor Health-His Early Efforts Discouraged by the Magazine Editors.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is now in New York spending weary days and nights in the "matress grave" to which Helne was condemned in his later years. Mr. Stevenson is, fortunately, not in so bad a plight. He has none of the optimism which is one of the saddest of symptoms in the consumptive, and I dont know that his malady is consumption. Nor can I find that any one else does. Years ago, when Mr. Stevenson was in San Francisco, had a bad cough, but my informant was by no means of the opinion that it was consumption, but rather one of the chest troubles which hypochondria magnifies; but Mr. Stevenson is ar, very far from being a hypochondria. His means of the opinion that it was consumption, but rather one of the chest troubles which hypochondriac magnifies; but Mr. Stevenson is far, very far from being a hypochondriac. His work is wonderful, but his personality is more wonderful still. A friend in New York, of wide literary acquaintance, tells me that the author of "Treasure Island" is the most interesting man and the most brilliant talker he ever met. And this impression genius can make in bed with two thin hands, "more sensitive and beautiful than any woman's." on the coveriet. Another friend, after spending some time with him, writes me of the great novelist: "He is in bed, poor fellow, but full of life, humor, subtlety, curlosity, and a genial spirit."

This is as one would like to have it of the author of the "New Arabian Nights," and like, also, to know that attention and appreciation are both sweet to Mr. Stevenson after frosty years in which he knocked with bruised hands at the doors now open so wide, and he no longer in walking trim.

His articles were rejected in turn by every paper in San Francisco and many East, one of two of which have since spent a pretty fair column rate in telegrams and cables asking for his work. Nor were the papers alone blind to him at start. It was his lot to be rejected by very big magazines. This was, I fear, true of the magazine which is, of all others, the nuckest to recognize new merti—the Century, which he left or lost—which? It would be interesting to know of the hap which separated the most brilliant prose writer of his day from the most enterprising of magazines. His plans for the winter are still indefinite. Open art is the prescription of his physicians, and since his return from Newport Mr. Stevenson has been in the Adirondacks, to find some place in which outdoor life and comfort can be combined.

ZINC AND IRON IN ORANGE COUNTY. Abandoned Mines Reopened and New Ones

Developed-The Output Increasing. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 8 .- The mining industries of Orange county, and the adjoining district of New Jersey, are just now experi encing a prosperous revival. There is marked inquiry for mining properties, and abandoned mines are being reopened and new ones developed, while the production of those is steady operation usually show a considerable increase. The extensive smelting furnaces at Stirling. Oxford, Franklin, Fequest, &c. are driven to their full capacity by a more abandant output of iron and zine ores than was ever before witnessed in the district.

Among those largely interested in from mining and smelting operations in the territory is question is the firm of Cooper & Hewitt, and the firm has recently materially extended its business by working the new Bedell mine and reopening the abandoned Sherman mine, both in the town of Sparta. The first-named mine, recently discovered and opened last spring, is now fairly developed, and is turning out a good yield of high grade ore, peculiarly adapted for conversion into Bessemer steel. The ore is shipped to the Pequest furnace for reduction. The Sherman mine is on lands owned by Miss Lesbia Sherman of Elizabeth, N. J., and was formerly worked to some extent, but was abandoned during the depression in the iron trade following the panie of 1873. Cooper & Hewitt have now leased the mine for a long term of years, and have been appeared to the principal shalf a hoisting engine, together with a compressor and drills and pump, and have begin pressor and drills and pump, and have begin reased the mine for a long term of years, and loads a day. It is reported that a large body of ore has been developed, and that he output will be considerably increased. The ore is shipped by the Susquehrama and Western tailroad to the Oxford furnace for reduction. A transway to connect the mine with the railroad is now being built.

The zine-producing operations of the Franklin district, as well as the iron mining industries now being built.

The zine-producing dependency is a farmed in the vicinity of Ogdensburgia and along the line of the new Morris County Balfoad, a number of shandoned mines have been respended and new ones developed. The general business inquiry for mining properties, and abandoned mines are being reopened and new ones de